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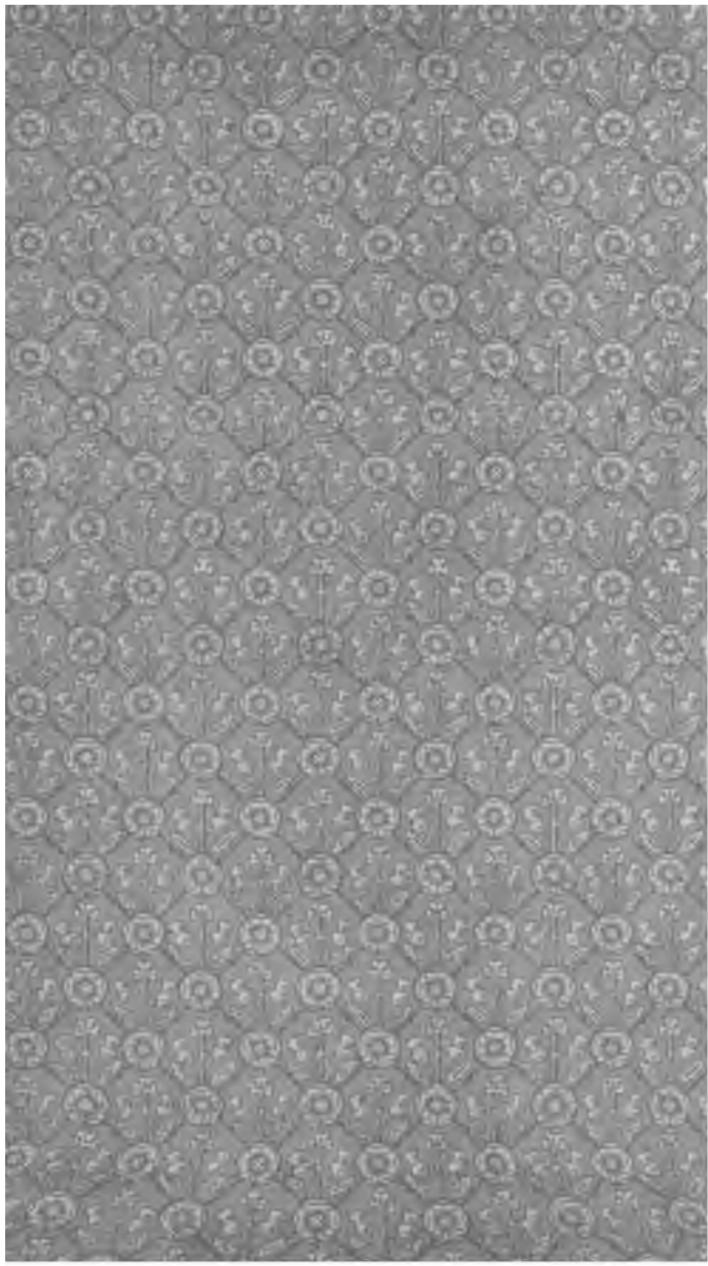
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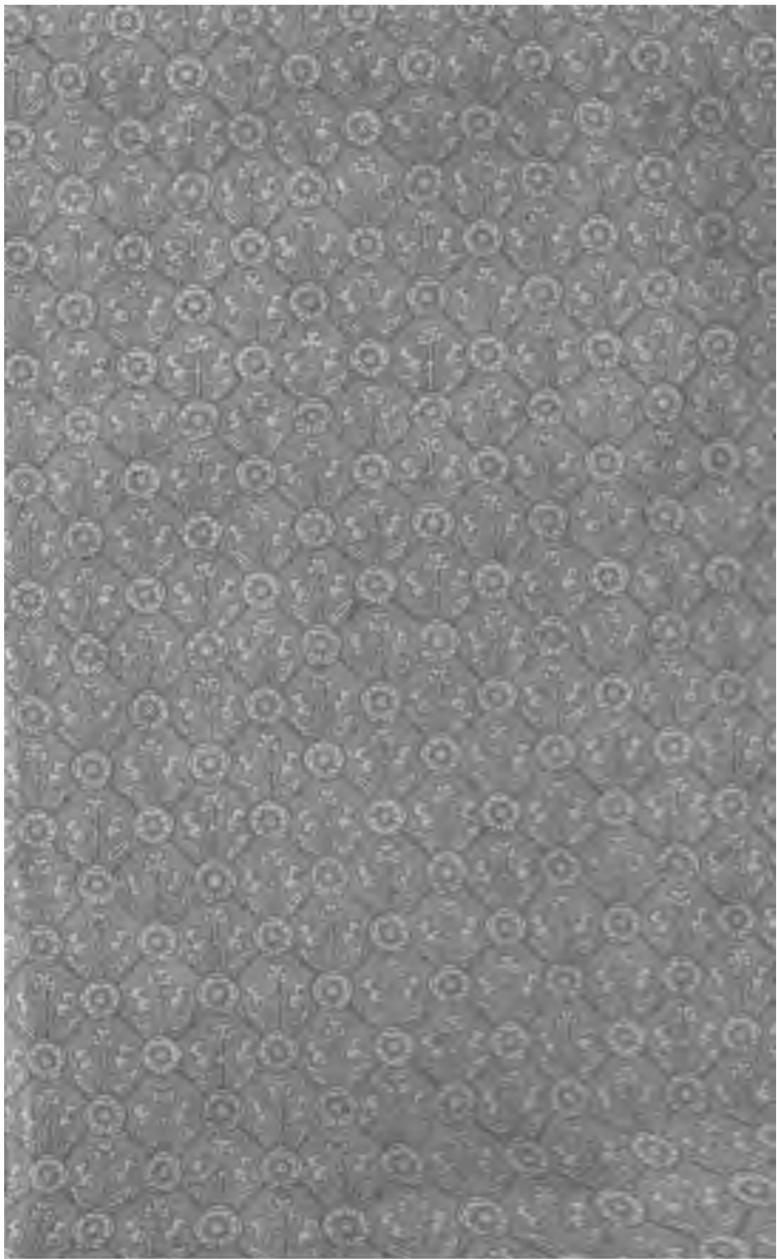
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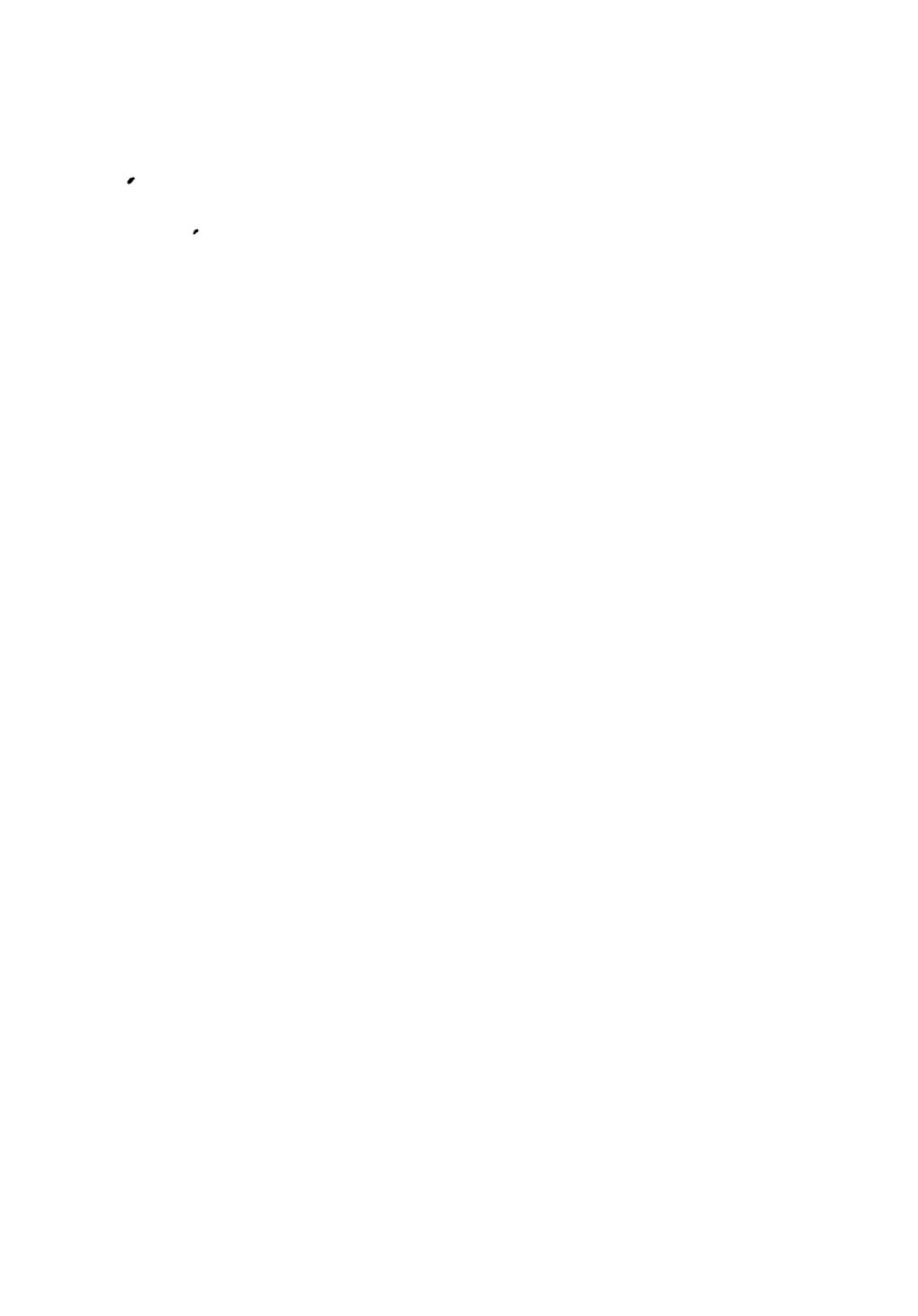
HVMNS
AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.

BY
FRANCES GAISFORD.









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*HYMNS
AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.*

THE story of the composition of our various devotional hymns may be regarded as, in some sense, the history of God's Church in the world. The sacred books of our Bible give religious songs that were sung in the earliest times. They record for us the voices of pious souls, uttered in psalm and song ; and rising from amid the sands of Arabian deserts, from the Tabernacle courts at Shiloh, from the hills of Palestine, and from the forests of Lebanon. We hear the notes of heroes like Moses and David, and of poets like Asaph and the sons of Korah. Sometimes the song takes form as the majestic antiphones of

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the Temple worship ; sometimes as the murmurs of captives by Babylonian streams ; and sometimes as the raptures of the Christian Apostles and Prophets, whose souls were touched by the Divine fire, and quickened with the Divine love. Theirs were truly sacred hymns ; and since their days, what gushings and wailings of sacred song have come down to our times from those who sealed their testimony for Christ in the martyr's death ; from those who sought, in desert cave and monastic cell, quietness for the due culture of the spiritual life ; and even from those who hid themselves in rock-hewn catacombs from the power of the persecutor.

The spiritual hymns of the Early Fathers, often expressed in rich and suggestive language, are amongst the most treasured possessions of the Church. Hymns are, as it were, the lamps of the Church, set to illumine its story in every generation. They are the lights that shine out here and there through the 'dark ages,' and

their beams light up the shrines, and the altars, and the chapels of modern times. No study of the history of the Christian Church can be more delightful, or more instructive, than that which deals with the great hymns written in different centuries. In all the ages they, more than the creeds of councils, and more than the conflicts of theological warriors, seem to shape the spandrils from whence leap up the arches of the Church's doctrine. By its hymns, the unity of the faith of the Church has been, in great measure, proclaimed.

These pious songs often arose out of very simple incidents. That is a very sweet and solemn sentence in our wonderful Burial Service which reads, 'In the midst of life we are in death.' But it appears to be an adaptation of the first line of the rare old Latin hymn, the 'Media Vitæ,' composed by a man named Babulus, who was born of a noble family at Zurich. He attained great eminence at St. Gall by his learning, his skill in music and poetry, and his knowledge of the

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Holy Scriptures. The old stories say of him, that no one ever saw him but he was reading, or writing, or praying. The faint sound of a mill-wheel near his abbey is said to have moved him to compose a beautiful air for some pious verses ; and looking down into a deep gulf, where some labourers were building a bridge over the abyss, suggested the celebrated hymn that is known as the ' Media Vitæ.'—*Paxton Hood.*

The well-known chant, the ' Te Deum Laudamus,' is referred to in the Latin Breviary as the Canticle of Ambrose and Augustine, because of the old legend that, at the baptism of Augustine by Ambrose, it was sung alternately by the two saints, just as it was suggested to them by Divine inspiration. To us, English Protestants, it is interesting to know that it was sung for the first time in the vulgar tongue by the martyr Bishop Ridley, at Herne Church, in Kent, where he was at one time the vicar. The 'Benedicite,' or Song of the Three Children, was used in the later Jewish

Church, and was commonly sung in the Christian Church in the fourth century.—*Procter.*

When George Herbert lived—he was born A.D. 1593—clergymen were held in very poor social consideration, and were not accounted to be the equals of *gentlemen*. It was, therefore, no slight sacrifice for a man of noble family to take the clerical office, and become a lightly esteemed village pastor. George Herbert laid his rank, talents, and learning at the foot of the Cross, and worked diligently in this comparatively obscure position. We may follow him into his peaceful parsonage, where he wrote those poems that are so full of pious feeling; then going round among his parishioners encouraging, admonishing, helping, in the true spirit of a Christian pastor, and with all the delicacy of a courteous Christian gentleman.

‘ Some of the meanest sort of his parish did so love and reverence Mr. Herbert that they would let their plough rest when his saint’s bell rang

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to prayer, that they might also offer their devotions to God with him, and then would return back to their plough.' The history of his poems is most touching and beautiful. In his last sickness he presented them to a friend in these words : 'Sir, I pray you deliver this little book to my dear brother Ferrar, and tell him he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed between God and my soul before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my Master, in whose service I have now found perfect freedom. Desire him to read it, and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any poor dejected soul, let it be made public ; if not, let him burn it, for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies.' Music and poetry, both consecrated to the Master he served, were his great delight ; and the Sunday before his death he rose suddenly from his couch, called for one of his instruments, took it into his hand, and said :

' My God ! my God ! my music

shall find Thee, and everything shall have His attribute to sing !

And having tuned the lute, he played and sang some of the verses from the following poem :

‘ SUNDAY.

‘ O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
Its indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his blood ;
The couch of time ; care's balm and bay ;
The week were dark, but for thy light—
Thy torch doth show the way.

‘ The other days and thou
Make up one man, whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow.
The worky days are the back part ;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow
Till thy release appear.

‘ Man had straightforward gone
To endless death ; but Thou dost pull
And turn us round to look on One,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still,
Since there is no place so alone
The which He doth not fill.

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‘ Sundays the pillars are,
On which heav’n’s palace arched lies.
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God’s rich garden : that is bare
Which parts their ranks and orders.

‘ The Sundays of man’s life,
Threaded together on time’s string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven’s gate stands ope ;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.

‘ This day my Saviour rose,
And did inclose this light for His :
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

‘ The rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at His passion
Did th’ earth and all things with it move.
As Samson bore the doors away,
Christ’s hands, though nail’d, wrought our
salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

'The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence ;
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at His expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for Paradise.'

'Thou art a day of mirth :
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth :
 Oh, let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from sev'n to sev'n,
 Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
 Fly hand in hand to heaven.'

George Herbert.

The father of Dr. Isaac Watts was a Nonconformist, and was imprisoned in Southampton Gaol for the sake of his convictions. The old prison remains very nearly the same as when the young mother sat with her child looking up to the barred windows of the room where her husband was confined. It stands upon what was then the beach of the fair Southampton Water, which at that time rolled much further in, and almost washed the prison doors. From the tower of this prison a lovely

scene opens to the view—charming hills on the left, the ‘sweet fields beyond the swelling flood’ on the opposite shore. It was this view across Southampton Water which in after-years suggested the beautiful hymn to the prisoner’s son, Dr. Isaac Watts :

‘There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

‘Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand drest in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood
While Jordan roll’d between.

‘But tim’rous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

‘Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes ;

‘Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o’er,
Not Jordan’s stream nor death’s cold flood
Could fright us from the shore.’

Wilberforce, while walking through one of the busy London streets, was heard by one who passed him to be repeating aloud Cowper's hymn :

'Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.'

'The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With pray'r and praise agree ;
And seem, by Thy sweet bounty, made
For those who follow Thee.'

'There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh ! with what peace, and joy, and love
She communes with her God !'

'There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.'

'Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light Divine,
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, Thou art mine !'

'What thanks I owe Thee, and what love!
A boundless, endless store
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more !'

Luther is said to have written the following hymn when on his way to the town of Worms, and conscious that his life was placed in grave peril :

'A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon ;
He'll help to clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'er taken,

The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell ;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour,

On earth is not his fellow.

'With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden ;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden.

Ask ye, Who is this same ?
Christ Jesus is His name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son :
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

'And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore ;
Not they can overpower us.

And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit ;
For why ? his doom is writ ;
A word shall quickly slay him.

'God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course ;
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small ;
These things shall vanish all :
The city of God remaineth.'

The last hymn read to Augustus Hare, on his death-bed at Rome, February, 1834, was the following :

- ' Why should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempest's power ?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.
- ' Though hot the fight, why quit the field ?
Why must I either flee or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield ?
- ' When creature comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep, but why should I ?
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.
- ' Though all the flocks and herds were dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.
- ' I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied ;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.

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'Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.'

'Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,
My steadfast faith shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.'

'Against me earth and hell combine ;
But on my side is power Divine ;
Jesus is all, and He is mine.'

Newton.

The following hymn, composed by Dean Alford, was sung in St. Martin's Churchyard, Canterbury, when the Dean, amid the tears of the whole sorrowing city, was laid in his final resting-place. A few minutes before, in the earlier part of the service, the grand nave of the cathedral had resounded with the strains of his other well-known hymn : 'Jesus, when I fainting lie.'

'Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light :
'Tis finished ! all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin ;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.'

' What rush of Alleluias
 Fills all the earth and sky !
What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh !
O day, for which creation
 And all its tribes were made !
O joy, for all its former woes
 A thousand-fold repaid !

' Oh, then what raptured greetings
 On Canaan's happy shore !
What knitting severed friendships up
 Where partings are no more !
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
 That brimmed with tears of late ;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.

' Bring near Thy great salvation,
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain ;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
 Then take Thy power and reign :
Appear, Desire of nations,
 Thine exiles long for home ;
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign,
 Thou Prince and Saviour, come.'

The hymn sung in the service, to
which reference has been made, reads
thus :

' Jesus, when I fainting lie,
 And the world is flitting by,
Hold Thou up my head :

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When the cry is, “ Thou must die,”
And the awful hour draws nigh,
Stand by my bed !

‘ Jesus, when the worst is o'er,
And they bear me from the door,
Meet the sorrowing throng ;
“ Weep not,” let the mourners hear,
Widow's woe and orphan's tear
Turn into song.

‘ Jesus, in that last great day
Come Thou down and touch my clay :
Speak the word “ Arise.”
Friend to gladsome friend restore,
Living, praising evermore
Above the skies.’

The late Emperor Frederick of Germany often found comfort in hymns, and especially in one which was written by a youth, named Ernest von Willich, at the age of twelve, when the boy lay on a sick-bed from which he never rose again. The hymn was frequently sung by the Crown Prince, and when he became Emperor he had it published, and it is known all over Germany as his favourite hymn.

'When the Lord me sorrow sends,
Let me bear it patiently ;
Lifting up my heart in prayer,
Comfort He will not deny.
Therefore let there come what will,
In the Lord my heart is still.'

'Though the heart is often weak,
In despair and all forlorn,
When in days of utmost pain,
Not a day of joy will dawn ;
Tell it—let there come what will,
In the Lord all pain is still.'

'So I pray, O Lord my God,
That my faith and hope may stand ;
Then no care I know nor need,
Guided ever by Thy hand.
Therefore let there come what will,
In the Lord my heart is still.'

A touching incident is recorded in connection with the last hours of Dr. Ray Palmer. During the last three or four days of his life, Dr. Ray Palmer lay for the most part apparently unconscious. When told by his son that the end was near, he answered, 'Thank God,' in a louder voice than he had employed for some time. Occasionally he would be heard to repeat to himself a hymn of

faith and praise. The last words he was heard to utter were spoken not many hours before his death. His lips were seen to move, and listening ears caught a few syllables, inarticulately spoken, of the last verse of his hymn, ‘Jesu, these eyes have never seen.’

‘Jesu, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of Thine ;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessed face and mine.

‘I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me ;
And earth hath ne’er so dear a spot
As when I meet with Thee.

‘Like some bright dream that comes un-
sought,
When slumbers o’er me roll,
Thy image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

‘Yet, though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

‘When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art.’

President Garfield's favourite hymn, which was also sung at his funeral, was the following :

' Ho ! reapers of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade,
Until the night draws round ye
And day begins to fade ?
Why stand ye idle, waiting
For reapers more to come ?
The golden morn is passing,
Why stand ye idle, dumb ?

' Thrust in your sharpened sickle
And gather in the grain ;
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again.
The Master calls for reapers,
And shall He call in vain ?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
And waste upon the plain ?

' Mount up the heights of wisdom,
And crush each error low ;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to your mission
In service of your Lord,
And then a golden harvest
Shall be your just reward.'

Paul Eber, an intimate friend of Melancthon, wrote for his children

the hymn ‘Lord Jesus Christ, true Man and God;’ it soon became a favourite hymn for the dying. Grotius asked that it might be repeated to him in his last moments, and expired at its conclusion.

‘Lord Jesus Christ, true Man and God,
Who borest anguish, scorn, the rod,
And diedst at last upon the tree,
To bring Thy Father’s grace to me,
I pray Thee, through that bitter woe,
Let me, a sinner, mercy know.

‘When comes the hour of failing breath,
And I must wrestle, Lord, with death,
When from my sight all fades away,
And when my tongue no more can say,
And when mine ears no more can hear,
And when my heart is racked with fear ;

‘When all my mind is darkened o’er,
And human help can do no more,
Then come, Lord Jesu, come with speed,
And help me in my hour of need.
Lead me from this dark vale beneath,
And shorten Thou the pangs of death.

‘All evil spirits drive away,
But let Thy Spirit with me stay
Until my soul the body leave ;
Then in Thy hands my soul receive,
And let the earth my body keep,
Till the Last Day shall break my sleep.

' Joyful my resurrection be,
Thou in the judgment plead for me,
And hide my sins, Lord, from Thy face,
And give me life of Thy dear grace.
I trust Thee utterly, my Lord,
For Thou hast promised in Thy Word :

" In truth, I tell you who receives
My Word and keeps it, and believes,
Shall never fall God's wrath beneath,
Shall never taste eternal death ;
Though here on earth, in time, he die,
He is not therefore lost, for I

" Will come, and with a mighty hand
Will break away Death's strongest band,
And lift him hence that he shall be
For ever in My realm with Me,
For ever living there in bliss."
Ah, let us not that glory miss !

' Dear Lord, forgive us all our guilt,
Help us to wait until Thou wilt
That we depart, and let our faith
Be brave and conquer even in death,
Firm resting on Thy sacred Word,
Until we sleep in Thee, our Lord.'

The earthquake in 1750 seems to have done more to arouse the metropolis to a sense of its corruption than the most fervent oratory of Whitefield and Wesley was capable of doing. Charles Wesley was conducting an

early morning service at the time that it occurred, and when a great cry of terror arose from the women and children in the assembly, he left the text he had given out, and shouted, ‘Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed.’ Charles Wesley himself found, in this awful visitation, the inspiration of some stirring hymns—among them one in which the words, ‘Look up and see your Lord appear,’ is the refrain of every verse. The following hymn appeared the year after the great catastrophe at Lisbon :

‘Stand the omnipotent decree !
Jehovah’s will be done !
Nature’s end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan.
Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the just ;
Let those ponderous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust.

‘Rests secure the righteous man !
At his Redeemer’s beck,
Sure to emerge and rise again,
And mount above the wreck.

Lo ! the heavenly spirit towers
Like flame, o'er nature's funeral pyre,
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire !

' Nothing hath the just to lose
By worlds on worlds destroyed ;
Far beneath his foot he views,
With smiles, the flaming void.
Sees the universe renewed,
The grand millennial reign begun ;
Shouts, with all the sons of God,
Around the eternal throne.

' Resting in this glorious hope
To be at last restored,
Yield we now our bodies up
To earthquake, plague, or sword ;
Listening for the call divine,
The latest trumpet of the seven,
Soon our souls and dust shall join,
And both fly up to heaven.'

The following is a free translation
of a hymn composed by Thomas
Aquinas :

' Good and tender Shepherd, hear us !
Bread of Heaven, in love come near us !
Feed us, lead us, and defend us,
Make us see whate'er Thou send us ;
In the land of earthly living
Is Thy wise and gracious giving.

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'Thou, who feedst us here as mortals,
Ordering all things that befall us,
Safe within celestial portals,
Oh ! at last, in mercy call us !

'Take us to the realms of love,
Fold us with Thy flock above ;
Let the peerless name be given,
"Heirs and denizens of heaven !'"

In early Christian Art the symbol of the Good Shepherd and the sheep is frequently given, and richly illustrated. Tertullian incidentally mentions it as even being painted on the communion-cups, or chalices of glass, in that early age.—*Dr. Macduff.*

Very many, and these among the most glorious, compositions in the hymn-book of Protestant Germany date from the period of the Thirty Years' War. 'Many men,' as a poet of our own has said,

'Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
And learn in suffering what they teach in song.'

So was it in his case ; and as this was a time full of suffering and wrath

and wrong-doing, so was it also a time when sacred song—which since Luther had shown comparatively little vitality—burst forth with a new luxuriance, and it may be noticed as remarkable, that it is rich, not so much as one might beforehand have expected, in lamentations, in *Misereres*, and in cries of *De profundis* (though these also are not wanting), as in *Te Deums* and *Magnificats*, hymns of high hope and holy joy, rising up from the darkness and distress of this world to the throne of Him ‘who giveth songs in the night,’ and enables His servants to praise Him even in the fires. Some among the chief sufferers by these prolonged and terrible wars—Paul Gérhard, for instance, and Schirmer (the German ‘Job,’ as he called himself, with allusion to all that he had gone through)—were also the chief lyrists.—*Trench*, in the ‘Thirty Years’ War.’

The following hymn was composed by Paul Gerhard at a time of peculiar distress and perplexity, when no help seemed likely to come to him :

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‘Commit thy way to God—
The weight which makes thee faint ;
Worlds are to Him no load,
To Him breathe thy complaint.
He who for winds and clouds
Maketh a pathway free,
Through wastes, or hostile crowds,
Can make a way for thee.

‘Thou must in Him be blest,
Ere bliss can be secure ;
On His work must thou rest,
If thy work shall endure.
To anxious, prying thought,
And weary, fretting care,
The Highest yieldeth nought—
He giveth all to prayer.

‘Father ! Thy faithful love,
Thy mercy, wise and mild,
Sees what will blessing prove,
Or what will hurt Thy child.
And what Thy wise foreseeing
Doth for Thy children choose,
Thou bringest into being,
Nor sufferest them to lose.

‘All means always possessing,
Invincible in might,
Thy doings are all blessing,
Thy goings are all light.
Nothing Thy work suspending,
No foe can make Thee pause,
When Thou, Thine own defending,
Dost undertake their cause.

' Hope, then, though woes be doubled,
Hope and be undismayed ;
Let not thine heart be troubled,
Nor let it be afraid.

This prison where thou art,
Thy God will break it soon,
And flood with light Thy heart
In His own blessed noon.

' Up ! up ! the day is breaking ;
Say to thy cares, " Good-night !"
Thy troubles from thee shaking,
Like dreams in day's fresh light.
Thou wearest not the crown,
Nor the best course can tell ;
God sitteth on the throne,
And guideth all things well.

' Trust Him to govern, then !
No king can rule like Him ;
How wilt thou wonder, when
Thine eyes no more are dim,
To see those paths which vex thee,
How wise they were and meet ;
The works which now perplex thee,
How beautiful, complete !

' Faithful the love thou sharest :
All, all is well with thee !
The crown from hence thou bearest
With shouts of victory.
In thy right hand to-morrow
Thy God shall place the palms ;
To Him who chased thy sorrow,
How glad will be thy psalms !'

28 *Hymns and their Associations.*

Dr. Isaac Watts' term of study being closed at Stoke Newington, he being still little more than a youth, returned for some time to his father's house at Southampton, and worshipped there with the congregation that gathered under the ministry of the Rev. Nathaniel Robinson. While there he felt, and expressed his feeling, that the psalmody was far beneath the beauty and dignity of a Christian service. He was requested to produce something better, and the next Sabbath-day the service was concluded with the following hymn which he had written :

'Behold the glories of the Lamb
Amidst His Father's throne ;
Prepare new honours for His Name,
And songs before unknown.'

'Let elders worship at His feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.'

'These are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise ;
Jesus is kind to our complaints ;
He loves to hear our praise.'

‘Eternal Father, who shall look
 Into Thy secret will?
Who but the Son shall take that book
 And open every seal?

‘He shall fulfil Thy great decrees,
 The Son deserves it well;
Lo, in His hands the sovereign keys
 Of heaven, and death, and hell!

‘Now to the Lamb that once was slain
 Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
 For ever on Thy head.

‘Thou hast redeem’d our souls with blood,
 Hast set the pris’ners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with Thee.

‘The worlds of nature and of grace
 Are put beneath Thy power;
Then, shorten these delaying days,
 And bring the promis’d hour.’

This is the tradition of the origin of the first hymn of Dr. Watts' that was sung at a Christian service. It was received with great acceptance and delight. It was indeed ‘a new song.’ The young poet was entreated to produce another and another. The series extended from Sabbath to Sabbath,

until almost a volume was formed, but their publication for general use was delayed for some years.

The commentator Thomas Scott says of himself, in his little book, ‘The Force of Truth,’ that when his mind awoke to the sense of the need of true religion, ‘a hymn from Watts’ “Divine Songs for Children,” beginning

“Almighty God, Thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to Thy sight.

“There’s not a sin that we commit,
Or wicked word we say,
But in Thy dreadful Book ‘tis writ,
Against the Judgment Day,”

fell in my way. I was much affected by it, and, having committed it to memory, was frequently repeating it, and thus I was continually led to reflect on my guilt and danger.’

Netheravon, near Salisbury Plain, is just two miles from the humble village where Addison spent the first fifteen years of his life. He went daily to Amesbury School, and it is said that

in his walks to and fro he observed the things which suggested the touching imagery used in his translation of the twenty-third Psalm.

'The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

'When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

'Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

'Though on a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.'

In Bishop Heber's 'Life' it is briefly stated, that in the year 1819 a royal letter having been issued authorizing collections in churches, in furtherance of the Eastern operations of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, Heber, who was then Rector of Hodnet, went to Wrexham to hear the Dean of St. Asaph preach on the day appointed. He had written his well-known missionary hymn, and it was first sung in the beautiful church at Wrexham. But further particulars have been recently given, together with the facsimile of the original. The original belonged to the late Rev. Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool, and was exhibited at the Great Exhibition in London in 1851. The particulars given are as follow: On Whit-Sunday, 1819, the late Dr. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph, and Vicar of Wrexham Church, preached a sermon in Wrexham Church in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. That day was also fixed upon for the commencement of the Sunday evening

lectures which it was intended to establish there; the late Bishop of Calcutta, who was the Dean's son-in-law, and at the time Rector of Hodnet, undertook to deliver the first lecture. During the preceding Saturday, the Dean requested Heber to write something for them to sing at the morning service, and for that purpose he retired from the table where the Dean and a few friends were sitting, to a distant part of the room. In a short time the Dean inquired:

‘What have you written?’

Heber, having then composed the three first verses, read them aloud.

‘There, there; that will do very well,’ said the Dean.

‘No, no,’ replied Heber; ‘the sense is not complete.’

Accordingly, he added the fourth verse; and the Dean, inexorably refusing his repeated request, ‘Let me add another; oh, let me add another!’ the hymn, which has since been so celebrated, was completed. It was sung, for the first time, the next morning, at Wrexham Church. An examin-

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ation of the handwriting of the original has brought out the interesting fact that at the last stanza it changes and becomes trembling, as if the writer was much moved.

'MISSIONARY HYMN.

' From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain !

' What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile,
In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone !

' Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! oh, salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name !

'Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign !'

Richard Baxter, the author of 'The Saint's Rest,' and other spiritual works, which have comforted and strengthened the faith of many a believer, maintained for himself, during seasons of persecution, imprisonment, and afflictions of all kinds, an unwavering confidence in his covenant God.

He added to his beautiful hymn, 'The Covenant and Confidence of Faith,' this interesting postscript : 'This covenant my dear wife in her former sickness subscribed with a cheerful will : John xii. 26 : "If any man serve Me, let him follow Me, and where I am, there shall also My servant be ; if any man serve Me, him will My Father honour."

**'THE COVENANT AND CONFIDENCE
OF FAITH.'**

' My whole, though broken heart, O Lord,
 From henceforth shall be Thine,
 And here I do my vow record :
 This hand, these words, are mine ;
 All that I have without reserve
 I offer here to Thee ;
 Thy will and honour, all shall serve
 That Thou bestow'dst on me.

' All that exceptions save, I lose ;
 All that I love, I save ;
 The treasure of Thy love I choose,
 And *Thou art all* I crave.
 My God, Thou hast my heart and hand,
 I all to Thee resign ;
 I'll ever to this covenant stand,
 Though flesh hereat repine.

' I know that Thou wast willing first,
 And Thou mad'st me consent ;
 Having thus loved me at the worst,
 Thou wilt not now repent.
 Now I have quit all self-pretence,
 Take charge of what's Thine own ;
 My life, my health, and my defence,
 Now lie on Thee alone.

' Now it belongs not to my care
 Whether I die or live ;
 To love and serve Thee is my share,
 And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey ;
If short, yet why should I be sad ?
That shall have the same pay.

' If Death should bruise this springing seed
Before it comes to fruit,
The will with Thee goes for the deed ;
Thy life was in the root.
Long life is a long grief and toil,
And multiplieth faults ;
In long wars he may have the foil
That 'scapes in short assaults.

' Would I long bear my heavy load,
And keep my sorrows long ?
Would I long sin against my God,
And His dear mercy wrong ?
How much is sinful flesh my foe,
That doth my soul pervert—
To linger here in sin and woe,
And steal from God my heart !

' Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before ;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this Door.
Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see ;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be ?

' Then I shall end my sad complaints
And weary, sinful days ;
Shall join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

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My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of Faith is dim ;
But it's enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.'

Bishop Thomas Ken spent the evening of his troubled life in peaceful retirement at the mansion of his early college friend, Lord Weymouth, at Longleat, near Frome, where, surrounded by his much-prized books, and charmed by the beautiful scenery of the park and the neighbouring country, he wrote many poems and lyrical pieces, which were gathered into four volumes in 1721.

It has been said that the Evening Hymn owes part of its inspiration to the very delightful view which the poet must often have greatly enjoyed on his way to and from Horningsham Church ; especially that which is taken from a high position in the park known as 'Heaven's Gate.' That hymn was written in 1697. But quite recently, Mr. G. W. Napier, who has given much attention to the literary history of the three hymns which are given below, discovered, in

the Bodleian Library, Oxford, a copy of the 'Manual of Prayers for the Use of the Scholars of Winchester College,' 1695, which contained these hymns. That 'Manual' was first published in 1674, and there is good reason to believe that these hymns were written to be used with *it*, though they were not actually printed in *it* till later than 1692; they are not found in the edition of that earlier year.

This is, indeed, rendered almost certain by the following passage, which is taken from the edition of the 'Manual' of 1675. Ken says, page 4: 'As soon as ever you wake in the morning, good Philotheus, strive as much as you can to keep all worldly thoughts out of your mind, till you have presented the first-fruits of the day to God; which will be an excellent preparation to make you spend the rest of it better; and, therefore, be sure to sing the Morning and Evening Hymns in your chamber, devoutly remembering that the Psalmist, from happy experience, assures you that

it is a very good thing to tell of the loving - kindness (of God) in the morning, and of His truth in the night season.' There can be no doubt that the hymns referred to are his *own* Morning and Evening Hymns, because some editions of the 'Manual' appeared during his life-time containing these.

First version of the three hymns by the author of the 'Manual of Prayers for the Use of the Scholars of Winchester College':

'A MORNING HYMN.

'Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

'Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past,
Live this day, as if 'twere thy last ;
To improve thy talent take due care,
'Gainst the Great Day thyself prepare.

'Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

‘ Influenced by the Light Divine,
Let thy own light in good works shine ;
Reflect all Heaven’s propitious ways
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

‘ Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
Glory to the Eternal King.

‘ I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir ;
May your devotion me inspire,
That I like you my age may spend ;
Like you, may on my God attend.

‘ May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight,
Perform, like you, my Master’s will ;
Oh, may I never more do ill.

‘ Had I your wings, to heaven I’d fly ;
But God shall that defect supply,
And my soul, wing’d with warm desire,
Shall all day long to heaven aspire.

‘ Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh’d me while I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

‘ I would not wake, nor rise again,
Even heaven itself I would disdain,
Wert not Thou there to be enjoyed,
And I in hymns to be employed.

‘ Heaven is, dear Lord, where’er Thou art,
Oh, never, then, from me depart ;
For to my soul ’tis hell to be
But for one moment without Thee

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'Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

'Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye angelic host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.'

'AN EVENING HYMN.

'Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under Thy own Almighty wings.

'Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

'Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.

'O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

‘When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

‘Dull sleep, of sense me to deprive,
I am but half my days alive ;
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are grieved
To lie so long of Thee bereaved.

‘But though sleep o'er my frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in chains,
And now and then let loose my heart,
Till it an Hallelujah dart.

‘The faster sleep the sense does bind,
The more unfettered is the mind ;
O may my soul, from matter free,
Thy unveil'd goodness waking see !

‘O when shall I in endless day
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And endless praise with the heavenly choir
Incessant sing, and never tire ?

‘You, my blest Guardian, whilst I sleep,
Close to my bed your vigils keep ;
Divine love into me instil ;
Stop all the avenues of ill.

‘Thought to thought with my soul converse,
Celestial joys to me rehearse ;
And in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song.

‘Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye angelic host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.’

'A MIDNIGHT HYMN.'

'Lord, now my sleep does me forsake,
The sole possession of me take ;
Let no vain fancy me illude,
No one impure desire intrude.

'Blest angels ! while we silent lie,
Your Hallelujahs sing on high ;
You, ever watchful near the Throne,
Prostrate, adore the Three in One.

'I now awake, do with you join,
To praise our God in hymns divine ;
With you in heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell.

'My soul, when I shake off this dust,
Lord, in Thy arms I will entrust ;
O make me Thy peculiar care,
Some heavenly mansion me prepare.

'Give me a place at Thy saints' feet,
Or some fall'n angel's vacant seat ;
I'll strive to sing as loud as they
Who sit above in brighter day.

'O may I always ready stand,
With my lamp burning in my hand ;
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice !

'Glory to Thee, in light array'd,
Who light Thy dwelling-place hast made ;
An immense ocean of bright beams
From Thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

‘The sun in its meridian height
Is very darkness in Thy sight.
My soul O lighten and inflame
With thought and love of Thy great Name.

‘Blest Jesu, Thou on heaven intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent ;
But I, frail creature, soon am tired,
And all my zeal is soon expired.

‘My soul, how canst thou weary grow
Of antedating heaven below,
In sacred hymns and Divine love,
Which will eternal be above ?

‘Shine on me, Lord ; new life impart ;
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart ;
One ray of Thy all-quicken light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

‘Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over Thine own sacrifice ;
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.’

Ken lost his parents in his childhood. This loss was to a large extent made up to him by the faithful care of his sister Anne and her husband, Izaak Walton. They placed him in Winchester College, and when in after-years he became fellow of that college, and held other offices in that ancient city, he showed his re-

membrance of the past by taking a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of the scholars. The 'Manual' he prepared for them gives them particular directions in relation to prayer, self-examination, the reading of the Scriptures, the keeping of the Sabbath, etc., and is written in a most devout, fatherly, loving spirit. It is probable that the hymns were printed as early as the 'Manual,' but in *broad-sheets*, for convenience of circulation, and that they might be affixed to the walls of the scholars' sleeping rooms. The work in which they were incorporated proved a blessing to the great revivalist, George Whitefield, in his early life. When he was about ten years old his mother made a second marriage, which proved to be an unhappy one. During the troubles to which this led his brother used to read Bishop Ken's 'Manual for Winchester Scholars.' This book affected George Whitefield greatly; and when the corporation, at their annual visitation of the school where he was educated, gave him, according to

custom, money for the speeches which he was chosen to deliver, he purchased the ‘Manual,’ and found it, he says, of great benefit to his soul.

Of the three hymns, the Morning Hymn seems to have been specially dear to the poet. Mr. Hawkins says he was accustomed to sing it, with the accompaniment of his lute, every morning before rising.

A pleasing tradition remains of Bishop Ken’s residence at Brightstone, Isle of Wight. It is said that under a yew hedge, at the bottom of the garden of the rectory, he composed the Morning and Evening Hymns. There is still in his own handwriting, about the time of his residence at the Hague, the Latin version of Jer. xiv. 5 : ‘Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not.’

From interesting manuscripts which have been carefully preserved, we know that Doddridge wrote several of his hymns as closing hymns after sermons he composed on particular texts. The hymn headed ‘God’s Name

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is profaned when His table is treated with contempt' (Mal. i. 12) has a peculiar interest, because, in addition to gaining a place in many collections, it is one of the few that have been introduced without authority into the Book of Common Prayer. The hymns for Christmas in that book are also from his pen, and from that of his contemporary, Charles Wesley. It is said that a University printer ventured to insert these hymns, because he was convinced that they would prove acceptable, and that the innovation was winked at by the authorities. Without knowing the name of the singer, Churchmen gladly received his welcome words into their Prayer-Book.

There has been, in the singing of this hymn at the Table of the Lord, a foretaste on earth, by millions of worshippers, of the unity of heaven.

At the time when this hymn was written for use at the Holy Sacrament, Eucharistic hymns were but few in number.

‘ My God, and is Thy table spread,
And doth Thy cup with love o’erflow ?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all Thy sweetness know.

‘ Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood !
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heav’nly food.

‘ Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed ?
Was not for you the Victim slain ?
Are you forbid the children’s bread ?

‘ O ! let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

‘ Let crowds approach, with hearts prepar’d,
With hearts inflam’d let all attend,
Nor, when we leave our Father’s board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

‘ Revive Thy dying Churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live,
And more that energy afford
A Saviour’s blood alone can give.’

‘ ABIDE WITH ME.’

This hymn, written by the Rev. H. F. Lyte, was the closing, crowning fruitage of a life consecrated to Christ. The poet’s daughter gives an interest-

ing account of the circumstances under which this hymn was composed. The summer was passing away, and the month of September (that month in which he was once more to quit his native land) arrived, and each day seemed to have special value, because it was one day nearer to his departure, when his family were surprised, and almost alarmed, at his announcing his intention of preaching once more to his people before he left. He did preach ; he had the breathless attention of his hearers, and he gave them a sermon on the Holy Communion. He afterwards assisted at the administration of the Holy Eucharist. The devout Christian will see new charms in this hymn when he learns to regard it as the utterance of a dying believer as well as a Christian pastor, and to see in it a Communion, as well as an evening, hymn. In the evening of the same day he placed in the hands of a near and dear relative this hymn, together with a tune, of his own composing, adapted to the words.

The sermon was preached at Lower

Brixham, Devon, where he had been zealously labouring for twenty-four years, in a parish inhabited by a sea-faring population. It is dated September 4, 1847. This probably fixes the date of the composition of the hymn. Lyte died about two months after. The hymn has a solemn interest as an almost dying utterance. It speaks of the true solace in the hour of dissolution and departure ; and it is worthy of remark that, although the poet had all through life shrunk with nervous apprehension from the act of dying, yet, when the last conflict came, this terror did not harass him, and he fell asleep in Jesus with smiles of joyful hope on his countenance, and words of peace on his lips.

'Abide with me ; fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me
abide ;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.'

'Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.'

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' Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwelt with Thy disciples,
 Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.

' Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy
 wings ;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea,
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide with
 me.

' Thou on my head in early youth didst
 smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse mean-
 while,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee ;
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

' I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
 power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can
 be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide
 with me.

' I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy
 victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

' Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing
 eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to
 the skies ;

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Keble's 'friend,' alluded to in the 'Christian Year' (21st Sunday after Trinity), was the Vicar of Kenwyn Church, near Truro. In the picturesque churchyard, from which a charming view of the neighbourhood can be gained, lie the mortal remains of this good man; and a Latin inscription on his tombstone bears testimony to his worth and piety, and to the love and reverence with which he was regarded. As one passes this 'grave beloved,' near the church porch, where 'the watchman true' so often entered while alive, the robin redbreast, in 'the stillness of the autumn day,' can still be heard pouring forth its notes among the trees and shrubs, undisturbed by the outer world.

'TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

'The morning mist is clear'd away,
Yet still the face of heaven is gray,
Nor yet the autumnal breeze has stirred the
grove ;

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Faded yet full, a paler green
Skirts soberly the tranquil scene ;
The redbreast warbles round this leafy cove.

‘ Sweet messenger of “calm decay,”*
Saluting sorrow as you may,
As one still bent to find or make the best,
In thee and in this quiet mead
The lesson of sweet peace I read,
Rather in all to be resigned than blest.

‘ ’Tis a low chant, according well
With the soft solitary knell,
As homeward from some grave belov’d we
turn,
Or by some holy death-bed dear,
Most welcome to the chasteñ’d ear
Of her whom heaven is teaching how to
mourn.

‘ O cheerful, tender strain ! the heart
That duly bears with you its part,
Singing so thankful to the dreary blast,
Though gone and spent its joyous prime,
And on the world’s autumnal time,
'Mid withered hues and sere, its lot be cast :

‘ That is the heart for thoughtful seer,
Watching in trance nor dark nor clear,
The appalling future as it nearer draws ;

* The expression ‘calm decay’ is borrowed from a friend by whose kind permission the lines ‘To the Redbreast’ are inserted.

His spirit calm'd the storm to meet,
Feeling the rock beneath his feet,
And tracing through the cloud th' eternal
Cause.

' That is the heart for watchman true,
Waiting to see what God will do,
As o'er the church the gathering twilight
falls ;
No more he strains his wistful eye,
If chance the golden hours be nigh,
By youthful Hope seen beaming round her
walls.

' Forc'd from his shadowy paradise,
His thoughts to heaven the steadier rise ;
There seek his answer when the world
reproves ;
Contented in his darkling round,
If only he be faithful found,
When from the east th' eternal morning
moves.'

Keble.

' TO THE REDBREAST.

' Unheard in summer's flaring ray,
Pour forth thy notes, sweet singer ;
Wooing the stillness of the autumn day,
Bid it a moment linger ;
 Nor fly
Too soon from Winter's scowling eye.

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'The blackbird's song at eventide,
And hers, who gay ascends,
Filling the heavens far and wide,
Are sweet. But none so blends
As thine
With calm decay and peace divine.'

Cornish.

*From the 'Sunday at Home,' August,
1888.*

Martin Rinckart, the author of the hymn 'Nun danket alle Gott,' was born on April 23rd, 1586, at Eilenburg, in Saxony. From 1617 till his death in 1649, he laboured as archdeacon in St. Nicholas Church, with much blessing. It was a period of heavy trouble, for Rinckart's ministry embraced the whole period of the Thirty Years' War. The poet's house suffered from the fearful calamities caused by it. Eilenburg was frequently visited by either the Swedish or by the Imperial armies. Its unoffending inhabitants were robbed and plundered, and the plunderers ended by setting fire to the town.

On the brave clergyman of the sorely-tried town devolved the hard

task of alleviating the public distress ; and even when he had himself been robbed of everything, he had to administer consolation and inspire hope in his people. Early in November, in the year 1648, Master Rinckart was sitting at his study window, and looking thoughtfully on the desolate space before the house. Winter had already notified its approach by a light covering of snow which lay in the streets and on the roofs of the houses, and the old man thought sorrowfully of the severity of the coming season, which would increase to overflowing the misery of his flock. Suddenly the sound of a trumpet struck his ear.

‘ Just God,’ sighed the clergyman, ‘ more foreign soldiers ! what will become of us ? ’

Again the trumpet sounded, and now much nearer than before. At the same moment Rinckart’s faithful consort entered the room, and in spite of her advanced age came up to him with unwonted speed.

‘ You are sitting here, Martin, meditating, while out in the street all

the people are hurrying and crowding round the horseman. Go and see what news the man brings. It must be something extraordinary, for the people are all rejoicing.'

The old man rose, and placed his little mobcap on his head.

'What will it be?' he replied, with a mournful shake of the head—'the news of some victory, of some fresh bloodshed? When will the scourge be ended?'

'You are wrong, Martin. It is a Saxon soldier, probably sent by our gracious Elector, from his palace at Torgau.'

Rinckart hastened to the door. He found the street all in a state of joyful excitement; the people fell weeping into his arms, for the trumpeter had brought the news that peace had been concluded at Munster, in Westphalia. While the trumpeter, followed by the people, moved on, Rinckart returned to his study, and offered up a silent prayer of thanksgiving to Heaven. Then he opened his Bible, and his eye fell on

the 22nd verse of the 30th chapter of the Apocryphal Book of Ecclesiasticus : ‘Now, therefore, bless ye the God of all, which only doeth wondrous things everywhere !’ And then he sat down at his writing-table, and, verse by verse, the hymn of thanksgiving rose from the very depth of his heart :

‘ Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices ;
Who from our mother’s arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

‘ O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

‘ All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With Them in highest heaven,

The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.'

As he wrote the last line, a soft melody seemed to strike his ear. Again he took up his pen, and in a few minutes he had committed to paper the air, so simple and so wonderfully inspiriting, to suit the words.

The horseman had meanwhile dismounted ; but the inhabitants of the town, full of joyful emotion, gathered in front of the Pfarrhaus, and waited for their minister. He came out to them in his clerical robes, and in earnest words the venerable man praised the Divine providence for their deliverance ; then, with all his flock, he knelt down, and drawing from his pocket the hymn he had just composed, he began to sing it. For the first time the new-born tune sounded from the lips of the old man, and when he ended, those present, deeply moved and grateful, surrounded their faithful minister, and

grasped his hand. But the long years of suffering, sorrow, and anxiety, had prematurely broken his strength, and a year later, on December 8, 1649, he fell asleep, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. All Eilenburg followed him to the grave, and when the mortal remains of the faithful and devoted pastor were lowered into the tomb no eye was dry. His hymn has become the common property of the whole Evangelical Church, and is found in almost every hymn-book.

The town of Eilenburg, on the three hundredth anniversary of Martin Rinckart's birth, in grateful remembrance, caused a memorial tablet, with suitable inscription, to be fixed on the house in which he lived; and this tablet was solemnly uncovered on Easter Monday, April 26, 1886.

Louisa Henrietta, Electress of Brandenburg, daughter of Frederick Henry, Prince of Orange, and married to Frederic William, Elector of Brandenburg, after the death of her first-born son, in 1649, wrote the

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hymn ‘Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,’ and also another, commencing thus :

‘Christ, the rock on which I build,
And my Saviour, ever liveth ;
Should not he with joy be filled
Who the blessed truth believeth,
Though the night of death may bring
Some dark thoughts upon his wing?’

In 1654 God gave her another son. In gratitude she founded an orphan house at Oranienburg, where she was staying. The memory of this incident remains to the present day. The late King of Prussia, brother of the late Emperor of Germany, had the first two lines of the hymn inscribed on a bell he gave to the town of Oranienburg, in 1850. Few noble women have more deserved fame than this Electress of Brandenburg. She was ever at the side of the Elector, in war and peace, and helped him by her wise counsel, as well as cheered him by her devoted love. To the people she was a constant benefactor, founding schools and charities, and in every way seeking the welfare of her adopted country. In time of

war she had every soldier supplied with the Scriptures, and she prepared a hymn-book, which contained several of her own compositions. The one quoted is still popular, and is often used in Germany at funerals and in seasons of affliction.

'Jesus, my Redeemer, lives ;
Christ, my trust, is dead no more ;
In the strength this knowledge gives
Shall not all my fears be o'er ;
Calm, though death's long night be fraught
Still with many an anxious thought ?

'Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
And His life I, too, shall see ;
Bright the hope this promise gives :
Where He is, I there shall be.
Shall I fear, then ? Can the Head
Rise and leave the members dead ?

'I shall see Him with these eyes,
Him whom I so truly know ;
Surely, I myself shall rise,
With His love my heart shall glow !
Only then shall disappear
Weakness which besets me here.'

A favourite hymn of Niebuhr's was the hymn to 'Eternity,' the greater part of which is of very ancient but

uncertain date. It received its present form about the middle of the seventeenth century.

‘Eternity ! Eternity !
 How long art thou, Eternity !
 And yet to thee time hastes away,
 Like as the war-horse to the fray,
 Or swift as coursers homeward go,
 Or ship to port, or shaft from bow.
 Ponder, O man, Eternity !

‘Eternity ! Eternity !
 How long art thou, Eternity !
 For even as on a perfect sphere
 End nor beginning can appear,
 Even so, Eternity, in thee
 Entrance nor exit can there be.
 Ponder, O man, Eternity !

‘Eternity ! Eternity !
 How long art thou, Eternity !
 A circle infinite art thou,
 Thy centre an eternal Now ;
 Never we name thy outer bound,
 For never end therein is found.
 Ponder, O man, Eternity !

‘Eternity ! Eternity !
 How long art thou, Eternity !
 A little bird with fretting beak
 Might wear to naught the loftiest peak ;
 Though but each thousand years it came,
 Yet thou wert then, as now, the same.
 Ponder, O man, Eternity !

‘Eternity ! Eternity !
How long art thou, Eternity ?
As long as God, so long
Endure the pains of sin and wrong,
So long the joys of heaven remain ;
O lasting joy ! O lasting pain !
Ponder, O man, Eternity !

‘Eternity ! Eternity !
How long art thou, Eternity ?
O man full oft thy thoughts should dwell
Upon the pains of death and hell,
And on the glories of the pure,
That both beyond all time endure.
Ponder, O man, Eternity !

‘Eternity ! Eternity !
How long art thou, Eternity ?
How terrible art thou in woe,
How fair, where joys for ever flow !
God’s goodness sheddeth gladness here,
His justice there wakes bitter fear.
Ponder, O man, Eternity !

‘Eternity ! Eternity !
How long art thou, Eternity ?
They who lived poor and naked rest
With God, for ever rich and blest,
And love and praise the Highest Good,
In perfect bliss and gladsome mood.
Ponder, O man, Eternity !

‘Eternity ! Eternity !
How long art thou, Eternity ?
A moment lasts all joy below,
Whereby man sinks to endless’ woe ;

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A moment lasts all earthly pain,
Whereby an endless joy we gain.
Ponder, O man, Eternity !

‘Eternity ! Eternity !
How long art thou, Eternity ?
Who ponders oft on thee is wise,
All fleshly lusts he will despise ;
The world finds place with him no more,
The loss of vain delights is o'er.
Ponder, O man, Eternity !

‘Eternity ! Eternity !
How long art thou, Eternity ?
Who marks thee well would say to God :
Here, Judge, burn, smite me with Thy rod;
Here, let me all Thy justice bear,
When time of grace is past, then spare.
Ponder, O man, Eternity !

‘Eternity ! Eternity !
How long art thou, Eternity ?
So I, Eternity, warn thee,
O man, that oft thou think of me,
The sinner's punishment and pain,
To those who love their God, rich gain ?
Ponder, O man, Eternity !

[Written, 1648 : ‘*Lyra Germanica.*’
Translated by C. Winkworth.]

TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER
TRINITY.

'The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.'—
PROV. xvi. 31.

'The bright-hair'd morn is glowing
O'er emerald meadows gay,
With many a clear gem strowing
The early shepherd's way.
Ye gentle elves, by fancy seen,
Stealing away with night,
To slumber in your leafy screen,
Tread more than airy light.

'And see what joyous greeting
The sun through heaven has shed,
Though fast yon shower be fleeting,
His beams have faster sped.
For lo ! above the western haze
High towers the rainbow arch
In solid span of purest rays :
How stately is its march !

'Pride of the dewy morning !
The swain's experienc'd eye
From thee takes timely warning,
Nor trusts the gorgeous sky.
For well he knows, such dawnings gay
Bring noons of storm and shower,
And travellers linger on the way
Beside the sheltering bower.

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‘ Even so, in hope and trembling
Should watchful shepherd view
His little lambs assembling,
With glance both kind and true ;
’Tis not the eye of keenest blaze,
Nor the quick swelling breast,
That soonest thrills at touch of praise—
These do not please him best ;

‘ But voices low and gentle,
And timid glances shy,
That seem for aid parental
To sue all wistfully ;
Still pressing, longing to be right,
Yet fearing to be wrong—
In these the Pastor dares delight,
A lamb-like, Christ-like throng.

‘ These in life’s distant Eden
Shall shine serenely bright,
As in the autumnal heaven,
Mild rainbow hues at night ;
When the last shower is stealing down,
And ere they sink to rest,
The sunbeams weave a parting crown
For some sweet woodland nest.

‘ The promise of the morrow
Is glorious on that eve,
Dear as the holy sorrow
When good men cease to live.
When brightening ere it die away
Mounts up their altar flame,
Still tending with intenser ray
To heaven from whence it came.

'Say not it dies, that glory,
'Tis caught unquenched on high,
Those saint-like brows so hoary
Shall wear it in the sky.
No smile is like the smile of death,
When all good musings past,
Rise wafted with the parting breath
The sweetest thought the last.'

Keble.

In a long unfinished letter to a dear sister, Bishop Mackenzie tells how the 'Christian Year' was a friend to him even to the last ; and how he read some verses aloud to his companion in the course of the trying journey in which they met their death. The verses of which he speaks with special pleasure are these : 'The promise of the morrow,' etc., and the last verse beginning, 'Say not it dies, that glory.'

In after-days Miss Mackenzie showed the little brown book, out of which her brother had read the verses, to the holy, humble old poet, who had written them years before. The book was all warped and stained with the river water, and Mr. Keble asked leave to keep it with him quietly for

a little time. When he gave it back the following words were written in it: ‘Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone ; but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit.’

As Dr. J. H. Newman was returning from Sicily in an orange boat bound for Marseilles, he was becalmed for a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio, and there, within sight of Caprera (since known as the home of the hero Garibaldi), he wrote the hymn which is now sung in so many churches and has become so great a favourite :

‘Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on ;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene ; one step enough for me.
‘I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on :
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
 Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

' So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost
 awhile.'

A lady was once at an evening party, where she met Dr. Cæsar Malan, who, in his usual manner, inquired of her whether she was a Christian. She was startled, and surprised, and vexed, at such a question being addressed to her, and made a short reply to the effect that it was not a question she cared to discuss ; thereupon Mr. Malan replied, with great sweetness, that he would not persist in pressing the question, but he would pray that she might be led to give her heart to Christ, and become a useful worker for Him. Within a fortnight she met the minister again, and asked him how she should come to Jesus. Dr. Malan's reply to her was, ' Come to Him, just as you are.' This lady gave herself up to Jesus. It was Charlotte Elliott, to whom we owe that hymn

which begins, ‘Just as I am, without one plea.’—*Sermon by C. H. Spurgeon.*

‘In all my preaching,’ said the Rev. H. V. Elliott, ‘I have not done so much good as my sister has been permitted to accomplish by her writing her one hymn, “Just as I am.”’

‘Just as I am—without one plea,
Save that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee—
O Lamb of God, I come.

‘Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each
spot—
O Lamb of God, I come.

‘Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without—
O Lamb of God, I come.

‘Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind ;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come.

‘Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because the promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come.

'Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone—
O Lamb of God, I come.'

C. Elliott.

Sir Henry Baker's paraphrase of the twenty-third Psalm may vie with any that have been given by other writers —Keble or Addison :

- 'The King of Love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never ;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.
- 'Where streams of living water flow
My ransom'd soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.
- 'Perverse and foolish oft I stray'd,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought me.
- 'In death's dark vale I fear no ill,
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me ;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.
- 'Thou spreadst a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth ;
And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth !

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'And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never ;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.'

It is said that the author's last words were a quotation from his own Psalm—the dying man gently murmuring :

'And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought me.'

FROM THE LIFE OF REV. A.
RALEIGH, D.D.

'We got to Jerusalem with yet an hour or two of daylight left, by which to look round us on the wondrous scene. I think I was the first of the company to arrive. Our tents went on before us, and there they are outside the walls, not far from Jaffa gate. In a short time all our party came up, and we had our evening meal. Someone suggested that before we rose from our tent-table we should sing two or three verses of a hymn appropriate to the place where we were—close to the walls of Jerusalem, and

looking on the sacred city from our tent-door. The suggestion was at once adopted, and we stood up and sang :

“ Jerusalem, my happy home !
 Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labours have an end
 In joy, and peace, and thee ?
When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
 walls,
 And pearly gates behold ?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold ?

“ There happier bowers than Eden bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know ;
Blest seats, through rude and stormy
 scenes,
 I onward press to you.
Why should I shrink at pain and woe ?
 Or feel at death dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.

“ Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
 Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.
Jerusalem, my happy home !
 My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labours have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.”

' It might be difficult to distinguish and analyze the sources and the quality of our emotion ; but about the feeling itself there can be no doubt. There we were—of different nationalities, of various religious persuasions ; the young, the old, the lively, the severe—all moved very deeply by these simple words.

' We came to Siloam. Standing by the fountain, I thought of the beautiful lines written by one of the saintliest of the men whose feet have ever trodden these sacred places :

“ Beneath Moriah’s rocky side
A gentle fountain springs ;
Silent and soft its waters glide,
Like the peace the Spirit brings.

“ The thirsty Arab stoops to drink
Of the cool and quiet wave ;
And the thirsty spirit stops to think
Of Him who came to save.

“ Siloam is the fountain’s name ;
It means “ One sent from God,”
And thus the holy Saviour’s fame
It gently spreads abroad.

‘“O grant that I, like this sweet well,
May Jesu’s image bear!
And spend my life, my all, to tell
How full His mercies are !”’

The above hymn, composed by R. M. McCheyne, was a special favourite with Dr. Raleigh, and he repeated it so often to his children, that it must always be to them associated with his memory.

‘Reclining on the shingly beach of the Sea of Galilee, and, remembering some verses descriptive of the scene, written by the same saintly soul, R. M. McCheyne, I repeated :

“How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,
O Sea of Galilee!
For the glorious One who came to save
Hath often stood by thee.

“Fair are the lakes in the land I love,
Where the pine and heather grow;
But thou hast loveliness far above
What nature can bestow.”

That simple song, which has given thoughts of rest, comfort, and hope to thousands, ‘Safe in the arms of Jesus,’

is the sweet soul's utterance of a blind lady, who composed this hymn in twenty minutes.

'Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast;
There by His love o'ershadowed
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.
Safe in the arms of Jesus, etc.

'Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears.
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.
Safe in the arms of Jesus, etc.

'Jesus, my heart's sure refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er,
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.
Safe in the arms of Jesus,' etc.

C. F. C. Schwartz, missionary at Tanjore for fifty years, was accustomed to hear the English school-children, after evening prayer, sing some of Dr. Watts' hymns. During his last illness he seemed particularly pleased with the following hymn :

' Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone,

Let my religious hours alone ;

Fain would my eyes my Saviour see ;

I wait a visit, Lord, from Thee.

' My heart grows warm with holy fire,

And kindles with a pure desire :

Come, my dear Jesus, from above,

And feed my soul with heavenly love.

' The trees of life immortal stand

In flourishing rows at Thy right hand,

And in sweet murmurs by their side

Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

' Blest Jesus, what delicious fare !

How sweet Thy entertainments are !

Never did angels taste above

Redeeming grace and dying love.

' Hail, great Immanuel, all divine,

In Thee Thy Father's glories shine ;

Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one

That eyes have seen, or angels known.'

'Life of Schwartz.'

David Williams, of Llandilo, in the county of Glamorgan, the obscure, but not forgotten, *Watts of Wales*, whose hymns have been sung over the face of the whole earth, long before missionary societies had been dreamed of, wrote, in his remote Welsh village, the following well-known hymn :

‘ O'er the gloomy hills of darkness
 Look, my soul, be still and gaze ;
All the promises do travail
 With a glorious day of grace ;
 Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn !

‘ Let the Indian, let the negro,
 Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
 Once obtain'd on Calvary !
 Let the Gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.

‘ Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light ;
And from eastern coast to western
 May the morning chase the night !
 And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day !

‘ Fly abroad thou mighty Gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease !

May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase !
 Sway the sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around !'

He has also cheered and comforted many a Zion's pilgrim by his sweet song, 'Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah !' Williams was born in 1717, and died in 1791. His direction to other composers was never to attempt to compose a hymn until they felt their souls to be near heaven. His precept and his practice in this respect have been compared to those of Fra Angelico.

His wife had a violent temper, and she kept the poet's sensitive spirit in great torment. It is the popular tradition that, one stormy night, on reaching home after having been away preaching, his wife received him in one of her bitterest moods. It was more than he could bear. He preferred the company of the storm without to that which was raging in the house ; so he went and stood on the bank of the river. The rush of the raging torrent, and the noise of

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the wild-night wind, brought to his mind another river and another night, when his soul would be overwhelmed by the desolating presence of death. What hope would remain to him then? what help would be at hand then?

' In the waves and mighty waters,
No one will support my head ;
But my Saviour, my Beloved,
Who was stricken in my stead.

' In the cold and mortal river
He would hold my head above ;
I shall through the waves go singing
For one look of Him I love !'

A touching incident has given to these verses the title of the 'Miners' Hymn.'

In the month of April, 1877, a colliery in the Rhondda Valley was flooded, and fourteen miners found themselves in a prison of darkness and terror, waiting helplessly for their death. The whole nation seemed to turn its thought toward that coal pit, and every day made the suspense more painful. The rescue party toiled manfully day and night; and

when seven days had passed without any reward, the last hope was almost gone. But on the eighth day, nine of those imprisoned were found, and they were alive though exhausted to the very verge of death. Without air, without food, despair would have driven them mad, had it not been for this hymn, which they sang over and over again with a terrible intensity of feeling. ‘The waves and mighty waters’ were there; so was their Saviour, their beloved, and they sang for one look of Him.

How interesting and affecting is the sight of people preparing for embarkation on a long voyage! What hopes or fears, what aspirations and regrets are stirring in all hearts! These are all known to One who ‘understandeth all their works,’ and as ‘He remembers that we are dust,’ despises none. In the midst of such a crowd, on July 29th, 1805, stood a young man, whose thoughtful countenance revealed a man of no ordinary character. Henry Martyn—for it was he, the devoted

missionary—was going to sail from Falmouth for distant India. He, like Xavier, and Brainerd, and Schwartz, and the ‘noble army’ of true missionaries, had counted the cost of the sacrifice, and had forsaken all to follow Christ and rescue sinners, and impart to them the treasures of the knowledge of a Love which was to himself so precious. After a successful career at Cambridge, and after serving for awhile as a curate under Mr. Simeon, he resolved to go to India as a missionary. So greatly was he beloved in his own land that when, the Sunday before his departure, he preached his last sermon, as he left the pulpit the congregation, with one accord, stood up to give him a mute farewell. The struggle he endured in parting from the lady to whom he was engaged to be married, but who could not disobey her mother and leave England against her will, is described partially in his diary. On the voyage he learned by heart the following hymn :

'The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above ;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.
Jehovah, great I AM !
By earth and heaven confess'd ;
I bow and bless the sacred name.
For ever blest.

'The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command,
From earth I'd rise, and seek the joys
At Thy right hand.
I'd all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power ;
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

'The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all His ways.
He calls a worm His friend !
He calls Himself my God,
And He shall save me to the end,
Through Jesu's blood.

'He by Himself has sworn,
I on His oath depend,
I shall on eagles' wings upborne
To heaven ascend.
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.'

Gambold.

The hymn, 'In the midst of life,' is one of those which are founded on a more ancient hymn, the 'Media in Vita' of Babulus, a learned Benedictine monk of St. Gall, who died in 912, to whom reference has previously been made.

He is said to have composed it while watching some workmen who were building the bridge of Martinsbruck at the peril of their lives. It was soon set to music, and became universally known; indeed, it was used as a battle-song until the custom was forbidden on account of its being supposed to exercise magical influences. In a German version is found part of the service for the burial of the dead as early as the thirteenth century, and it is still preserved in an unmetrical form in the 'Burial Service' of the Church of England.

'In the midst of life, behold
Death has girt us round.
Whom for help then shall we pray,
Where shall grace be found?
In Thee, O Lord alone!
We see the evil we have done,
And Thy wrath on us hath drawn.'

Holy Lord and God !
Strong and holy God !
Merciful and holy Saviour !
Eternal God !
Leave me not to sink beneath
These dark pains of bitter death.
Kyrie eleison !

‘ In the midst of death the jaws
Of hell against us gape.
Who from peril dire as this
Openeth us escape ?
'Tis Thou, O Lord alone !
Our bitter suffering and our sin
Pity from Thy mercy win,
Holy Lord and God !
Strong and holy God !
Merciful and holy Saviour !
Eternal God !
Let not dread our souls o'erwhelm
Of the dark and burning realm.
Kyrie eleison !

‘ In the midst of hell would sin
Drive us to despair :
Whither shall we flee away ?
Where is refuge, where ?
With Thee, Lord Christ, alone !
For Thou hast shed Thy precious blood
All our sins Thou makest good,
Holy Lord and God !
Strong and holy God !
Merciful and holy Saviour !
Eternal God.
Leave us not to fall in death
From the hope of Thy true faith.
Kyrie eleison !’

Thanks to the introduction of the steam-engine, the picturesque county of Cornwall—with its rugged coast, where the rocks take fantastic shapes and the precipitous shores tell their story of danger and shipwreck—is no longer the ‘terra incognita’ that it was not so many years ago.

Few English people are now unacquainted with the Lizard, Penzance, Land’s End, and other places of interest. A hundred years ago, the inhabitants of Cornwall were wild and savage as their native rocks ; most of the clergy of the Established Church were careless and indifferent men, and their parishioners were almost heathens. Then came that ‘mighty rushing wind’ of revival which followed, caused by the preaching of Whitefield and the Wesleys ; these holy men carried the banner of the Cross into wild, neglected Cornwall, enduring hardness like good soldiers of Jesus Christ. They penetrated into the remotest spots, and lighted up the darkness everywhere with the torch of Gospel truth. At

the Land's End there is a little promontory stretching out into the turbulent sea, whose waves often break furiously over this little strip of land. It was here that Charles Wesley composed the following hymn :

'Thou God of glorious majesty,
To Thee, against myself, to Thee,
A worm of earth, I cry ;
A half-awakened child of man ;
An heir of endless bliss or pain ;
A sinner born to die !

'Lo ! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible ;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

'O God, mine inmost soul convert !
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress ;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

'Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar ;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom ?

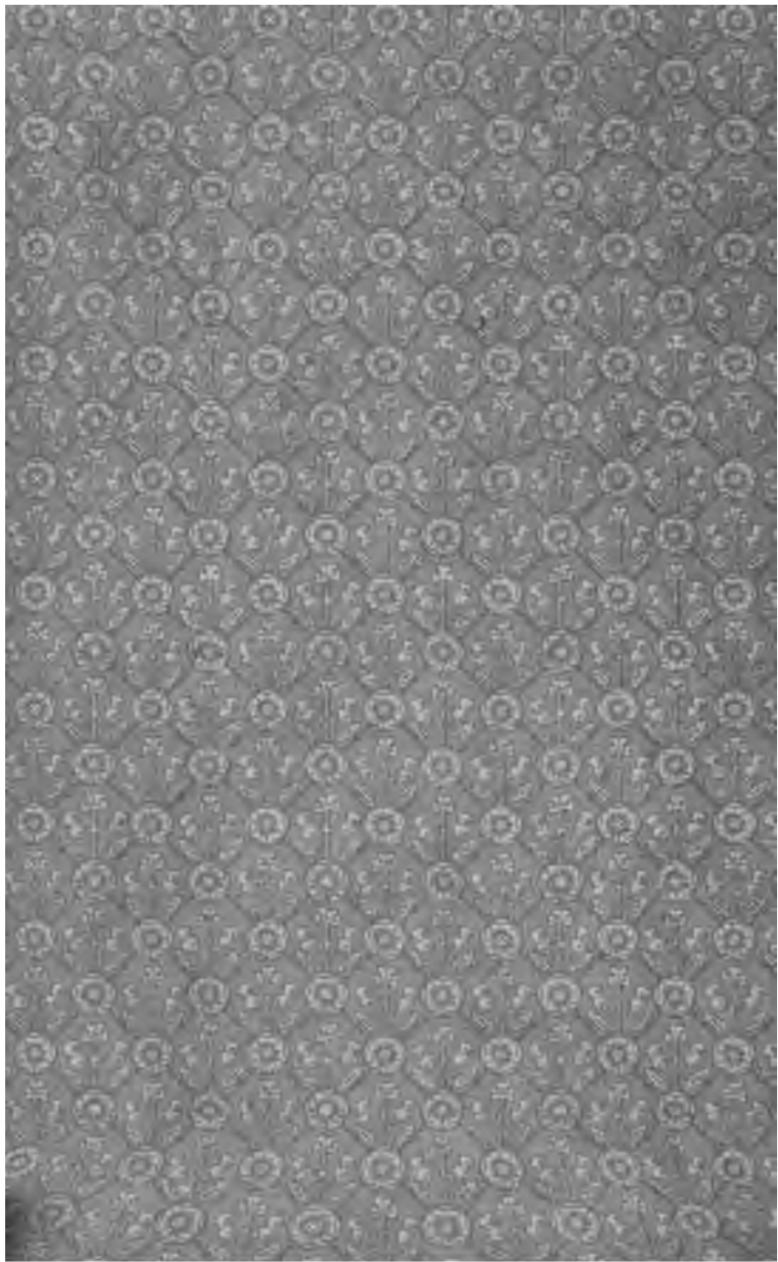
' Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss to ensure ;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure !

' Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with Thee above ;
Where faith is sweetly lost in light,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love !'

We know from many sources that song had a large part in the worship of the early Church. Indeed, whenever a great quickening of religious life comes, a great burst of Christian song comes with it. The inward march of the Church has ever been attended by music of praise : ' As well the singers as the players on instruments have been there.' The mediæval Latin hymns cluster round the early pure days of the monastic orders ; Luther's rough, strong hymns were as powerful as his treatises ; the mystic raptures of Charles Wesley have become the possession of the whole Church ; and we hear from

outside observers that one of the practices of the early Christians which attracted heathen notice was that they assembled daily before it was light, and 'sang hymns of praise to the Christus as to a god.' The best praise, however, is a heart-song, so the Apostle adds, 'singing in your hearts unto God' (Col. iii. 17). And it is to be in 'grace,' that is to say in it as the atmosphere and element in which the song moves, which is nearly equivalent to 'by means of the Divine grace which works in the heart, and impels to that perpetual music of silent praise.'—*Alexander Maclaren: 'Expositor,' 1886.*





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